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ARITHMETIC OF LIFE.

[We have never seen long life better "ciphered up" than in the following passage from one of Planché's plays:—]

Three score and ten, by common calculation,
The years of man amount to—but we'll say
He turns fourscore; yet, in my estimation,
In all those years he has not lived a day.
Out of the eighty you must first remember
The hours of night you pass asleep in bed;
And, counting from December to December,
Just half your life you'll find you have been dead.
To forty years at once by this reduction
We come; and sure the first five of your birth,
While cutting teeth and living upon suction,
Your not alive to what this life is worth;
From thirty-five next take, for education,
Fifteen; at least, at college and at school,
When, notwithstanding all your application,
The chances are you may turn out a fool,
Still twenty we have left us to dispose of,
But during those your fortune you've to make;
And granting, with the luck of some one knows of,
"This made in ten; that's too from life to take."
Out of the ten yet left you must allow for
The time for shaving, tooth and other aches—
Say four, and that leaves six, too short, I vow, for
Regretting past and making fresh mistakes!
Meanwhile, each hour dispels some fond illusion,
Until at length, alas! a formidable foe,
Have scarcely sense to come to this conclusion,
You've reach'd fourscore, but haven't lived a day.

BECELLUS; THE GLADIATOR. A ROMANCE OF OLD ROME.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

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CHAPTER VII.

Strephanus and Domitia—The Book of Death Again—Strephanus Instructed—What Will He Do?—Domitia's Firm Courage—Norbanus and Petronius, Pretorian Prefects—All Instructed—The Council of Death—Domitia Doomed—The Urn of Fate—Strephanus Draws the Golden Bead.

We have stated in the last chapter, that Domitia left the room in which Hestia was. Having entered another of the suite, she seated herself, to think out a plan that had been suggested to her active brain, to defeat the threat that king Domitian had uttered towards her. Being practical and shrewd, she knew that, from the knowledge she had of him, Domitian would do what he said; therefore, there was only one way to do, to escape death, and that was, that the king should die first. This was easy to think of, perhaps more so, than it was to execute. But to a woman like Domitia, to will, was to do. No obstacles would embarrass her, and what would effectively discourage another person, only served her to greater exertion. She had sent for Strephanus, the comptroller, in great haste, and had cautioned the servant to be careful that none other than Strephanus heard the request to come to her. This had all been complied with; and Strephanus himself entered.

"Hast heard the news?" said he—"probably this is why thou hast sent for me."
"News! what news?" inquired the Queen.
"That Lucius Antonius, governor of Upper Germany, knowing how much the king is detested at home, has resolved upon assuming the ensigns of imperial dignity."
"Is it true?" said the Queen, "what it wants confirmation."
"It is true," said Strephanus, emphatically.
"Where didst thou hear this?"
"At the Capitol; but what dost thou want with me?"
"I wish to know more of this Lucius Antonius; then I will tell thee I sent for thee. Has this governor an army?"
"An army! Yes, that he has, and a formidable one at that."
"And what is his progress?" asked the Queen.
"So far, it has been successful, as it relates to himself; adverse, as relates to our king, Domitian."
"Hast heard of any measures that have been taken to defeat this man?" asked the Queen.
"Yes," replied Strephanus. "Normandus, the king's general has proceeded against him."
"Any news, as yet, from the field?"
"None. We have expected some news every moment since last eve. The runners have not yet arrived."
"I should like to hear it, when it does come," said Domitia; "see to it, Strephanus, answered the comptroller."
"Now I am to tell thee what I wanted of thee?" continued Domitia.
"If thou see that it is time."
"It is time. Thou wast a dear friend of my former husband, is it not so?"
"That I was, and am yet," exclaimed Strephanus, warmly. "I shall never forget him."
"Thou knowest the crime for which he suffered."
"He was guilty of no crime," said Strephanus. "It was a foul-smelling murder—a butchery, by my life—a very butchery that he suffered. And all for a jest!"
"But I love the man that killed him?" queried Domitia.
"Do I love him? No!"
"Thou knowest of what man I speak?"
"Of Domitian?" inquired Strephanus.
"Thou hast said it. It was Domitian."
"What should be the punishment of one," continued Domitia, "who sacrifices the life of a noble-minded man, that he may claim his wife as his own?"
"He deserves death."
"What should be the fate of one, who," continued the Queen, "after taking that wife as his own, and made her his Queen, attempts to strike her, and threatens her with a cruel, merciless death?"
"That should be his fate," cried Strephanus. "What should be his fate, sayest thou? He would strike him to the earth, were he a thousand times beloved."
"These threats have been made to me," said the Queen, calmly, "but emphatically."
"Then thou hast spoken of thyself, but a moment ago?"
"Have."
"The man who destroyed thy husband, is Domitian?"
"The Queen asked him that."
"Ay!" said Strephanus, "and who not only did this grievous thing, but lost to me a dearest friend."
"What dost thou counsel?" pursued Domitia.
"Hardly know what," rejoined Strephanus. "We are powerless, as far as redress is concerned."
"Are we?"
"We are," said Strephanus.
"The Queen smiled pityingly.
"Suppose that thou wert doomed to be torn with horses, limb from limb."
"Strephanus shuddered visibly.
"A fearful death!" said he, "I cannot think of it."
"That is to be our death," said Domitia.
"Our death?"—and Strephanus spring from his seat.
The Queen, despite her feelings on the subject, could hardly suppress a smile.
"Why! what have I done that this should be the case?" enquired she.
"Thou knowest that the king writes down in his tablets the names of those he intends to destroy."
"I do," said Strephanus.
"My name, and thine, and others, are written there."
"How dost thou know this?" said Strephanus, cunningly.
"By mine eyesight. I saw them all there."
"But what have I done that the king should wish my life?" asked Strephanus.
"Hast thou not spoken frequently to him of his extravagance?"
"I have," said Strephanus.
"Hast said that the revenues were too small to permit him to lavish money as he did?"
"Yes, I have said all that," admitted Strephanus; "but it was only on account of my desire to take care of the money, so that it should not be spent foolishly."
"Does the king like to be questioned as to his actions?"
"Believe that he does not," said Strephanus.
"Thou art correct; he does not. I have seen him boiling with rage at some of thy speeches."

"And I knew it not," said Strephanus, dejectedly, "until it was too late."
"It is not too late," interposed Domitia.
"Thou mayest no straw, I pray thee; I am a sinking, drowning wretch!"
"Art thou a coward?" sneered Domitia.
"If thou wert only a man I would make thee eat thy words!" said Strephanus.
"Strephanus!"
"My Queen!"
"Thou hast forgotten my position over thee."
"It was my life that got the better of me," apologized Strephanus.
"I'll not offend thee more," said Domitia.
"As thy name is written in this fatal book of my lord, the king, what shall be thy action relative thereto?"
"Set my house in order, my Queen, and prepare to die."
"Nothing more!"
"Nothing," said Strephanus.
"I am a woman," said Domitia, "and can give better advice than thou. Say nothing, I am about to call in Norbanus and Petronius."
"The prefects?"
"There are no other of the name," said Domitia, "in Rome."
"Are their names enrolled also with ours?"
Domitia, answering yes, summoned a servant, and desired the presence of Norbanus and Petronius.
In a short time the servant returned, and said that they were with the king.

"What did they say?" asked Domitia.
"I gave thy message but to one, Petronius. He said he would come as soon as he was free to leave, and should inform his colleague also."
The attendant's last words of the message were on his lips when the two officers entered.

They made the customary salutation to the queen, and inquired her commands.
"Has the servant gone?"
"He has," answered Strephanus.
"We have no traitors here, I hope," said Domitia, looking keenly at the two officers.

They wondered like each other, not knowing what was coming, or why the question was asked by the queen.
"We are all loyal, I believe," said Norbanus.
"What was the king saying to you?" inquired Domitia.
"He was asking," said Norbanus, "what the people said in our hearing, in the court, about the execution of Aretinus Olenius."
"Oh!" said Strephanus, "he carried him with himself, in his own litter, the day before he had concluded to have him executed. Is it not so?"

"Thou speakest like the oracle of Fate," said Petronius. "I, myself, saw him."
"What dost thou reason from such acts?" continued Domitia.
"That it is destined to tell whom the king favors, and whom he does not," replied Petronius.
"Thou art not committing," said Domitia. "Well, it may be correct to act as thou dost. Has the king offered to carry thee in his litter, Norbanus?"

"No. Oh, no!" said he.
"Nor thou, Petronius?"
"No, my Queen, he has not. But he has offered me a villa on the river Tiber."
Domitia burst into a laugh, and exclaimed Strephanus.

"Thy fate is sealed, O Petronius!" said she. "See thee as dead as the bird revolving now upon the spit before the fire."
"Though dead, my Queen, yet still my limbs have not forgot their strength. I can run away—my legs are not weak."
"Thy legs will be. Tell him, Strephanus, what I have told thee before their entrance here."

Strephanus, in a few words, acquainted Norbanus and Petronius with the fact that their names were written in the tablets of the king.

"This must not be!" exclaimed Norbanus. "My life is of some value to me. I must see to it, that it be not lost."
"There is but one way to secure that which thou valuest—"
"And that is, my Queen,"—and Norbanus finished by a meaning glance and gesture.

To send Domitia to Tiberias!" cried Domitia.
"I could be but sure that my name is written to die the death," said Petronius, musingly. "I would join with ye all."
"Dost thou the word of the queen?" said Strephanus.

"The sun shines," said he. "O, Strephanus! I do not doubt that it does; yet I would know why it doth make right at times, for I know not myself. The queen doth say that we are to die; perhaps she will tell us why—perhaps my legs are not weak."
"Thy legs are a deep for me," said the queen. "But do ye remain; I will hasten to the king, and get the tablets from him."
"He will not yield them," said Strephanus.

"That I do not know," said she, and left the room.
"I feel like a man who has been deceived," said Petronius.
"I would that I were with Lucius Antonius!"
"We must bide our time until she returns," said Norbanus. She is wonderfully gracious to us, therefore we must not anger her."

Hast thou heard of the king and his flower girl?" said Strephanus. "This is what moves the queen to act as she does."
"I thought that it was because her name was on the black list," said Norbanus.

"Fudge! Yet it may be so, too," continued Strephanus. "Any way it is easy to be seen that Domitian wants to get rid of her. But hush! here she comes."

As Domitia entered she held up a small book curiously embossed with steel to the inspection of the occupants of the room.

Crowding around her they asked her to read from it what it contained. This she shortly did, telling of their names, with several others, one by one. Then closing the book, she said that she would have to return it for fear it would be missed; in the meantime, while she was away, they had a chance to think over their prospects.

When she had gone these men looked blankly at each other for a few moments. Then Strephanus made a remark to the effect that the queen had previously spoken of the book to him, and that he had remarked that the king, for his bad acts, must die.

"Who will dare to kill the king?" demanded Petronius. "I, for one, will not."
"We will neglect no questions or replies 'till such time as Domitia returns," said Strephanus.

"I am safely back," said the queen at the doorway. "I heard thy last remark, Strephanus; thou hast said better things in thy life than that."
"Dost thou think so?"

"I do."
"Pray thee," said Petronius, "let me know how thou didst procure the tablets of the king?"
The queen smiled.

"Fortune," said she, "favored me. Domitian was in his bath, and taking me for one of his attendants (he being deep in the bath, could see and but for my legs) paid no attention. I took him from his girdle, and have returned it. What now shall be done?"

"Let us draw lots," said Norbanus, "as to which one of us shall kill him, and save us our lives."
"Good!" exclaimed Domitia. "Let one of you be blindfolded; here is a napkin; come thou, Strephanus, I will bind thine eyes first."

Strephanus approached the queen, and had his eyes bound tightly with a cloth. Then she tore a neckerchief of beautiful pavia from her neck, and threw them into a small vase that stood near her.

"I have," said she, "to take back some of these. I only want a few. But it is of no consequence; let them remain, Strephanus."
"My Queen!" answered he, stepping forward.
I have thrown a gold bead in among these pearls—who takes it out, is to destroy the king. Art thou satisfied?"

"I am."
"Norbanus," said the queen, "do thou shake the urn."
Taking up the vase, Norbanus gave it a pretty severe shake and set it down in front of Strephanus. "If I do not get the bead," said he, "what then?"

"Why, one of us takes thy place," said Domitia. "Canst thou feel whereabouts the vase is?"
"I have it," said he, putting his hand in its mouth.
"So I believe," said Domitia, while the rest crowded around. Strephanus hesitated a moment, and then plunged his hand to the bottom of the vase.

"Draw back thy hand, and hold it up that we may see thy fate," cried Domitia.
Strephanus held up his hand.
"The bead—the golden bead!" exclaimed Petronius.
Strephanus, then didst drink too deep."
"Unloose this bandage," said he.
Norbanus unfastened the napkin.

"What dost thou say, Strephanus?" demanded Domitia.
"That I will fulfill what the Fates have decreed," replied Strephanus firmly.
"We can wish no more," rejoined Domitia. "Now let us appoint the day."
"We must not delay," said Norbanus, "our lives are in danger."
"This is the Fugacity of September," said Domitia, "what sayest thou Strephanus to the Eighteenth?"

"To kill Domitian on that day?"
"Ay!"

"A prefect was a governor, or chief officer of the soldiers who served under the Roman courts."

"Any day thou thinkest fit," said Strephanus, "will answer."
"Then it's agreed," said Domitia, that the Eighteenth is to be the day. Let you all, now, depart. The safety of yourselves will counsel caution, so ye need nothing more. Farewell!"

With the word sounding in their ears, Strephanus and the prefects left the room of Domitia, and went about their respective duties; as if nothing had occurred more than a mere interview of no moment whatever.

CHAPTER EIGHT.

Domitian Amuses Himself by Terrifying the Senate—Interview with Hestia—Mourner with Hopes of Beccellus' Release—Terrifies her with Threats of his Death—Her firm Refusal to become his Queen—Overcome with a Promise to see Beccellus—She Craves the interview, and Domitian Grants her.

Beccellus is in prison. Hestia in his palace, in fact almost in his grasp. Domitian had almost everything in his own way. He took especial delight in this, and in looking over his lists of those who were to suffer death. What cared he for the murmurs of a discontented mob, or the harassment of one Otis, father of the imprisoned gladiator, Beccellus—what cared he? Nothing. Was not his general, Normandus, successful against the revolting governor of Upper Germany, as he was but secured just now? Of course he was; so he determined to hang, and burn, and destroy all around him, and be happy all by his own self.

The senate was his especial hate. That grave body of men, in the emperor and dukes were a bitter contrast to every thing he said or did. So, for this he could not kill them very well, he determined to amuse himself with their terrors. Having invited them all to a public entertainment, he received them very formally, at the entrance of his palace, and conducted them into a spacious hall hung round with black, and illuminated by a few, metaebolically lighted, but only sufficient to show the horrors of the place—Vide Goldsmith's Rome—All around were to be seen nothing but coffins, with the names of each of the senators written upon them; while other objects of terror, and instruments of execution were scattered around the room.

While the company beheld all these preparations with a shudder, several men, having their bodies blacked, each with a drawn sword in one hand and a flaming torch in the other, entered the hall and danced around them. After some time, when the senate expected nothing less than the most instant death, the doors were thrown open, and a servant informed them that they all had leave to withdraw. They were not slow to take advantage of this permission and hurried from the place, cursing Domitian in their hearts.

After the king had said yet a hoarse laugh at the discomfort of the senators, he had himself attired with peculiar care; he determined to call upon Hestia, and compel her to appoint a time to marry him. He had forgotten, almost, his threat to have Hestia destroyed at the same time with Domitia, not having made any note of it; and it was, therefore, with the most perfect abandon, that he walked into her apartments, and acquainted her with his design. The flower girl paid no attention to his salutation, nor changed her position in the least. Domitian knelt his brow and bowed upon her.

"Come here!" muttered he; "I would that I had the gift of the evil eye, that I might blast her and wither her in a glance."
It would seem that this wish was unnecessary on his part, for if any one could exhibit so much horror and disgust as Hestia did, Domitian could not, no matter how gifted with the evil eye, we should like to know it.

"A god's malediction on thee, girl! If thou art so galled and treat me so contemptuously, I'll stay there where thou art. Speak, or thou diest!" And Domitian drew a small dagger from his girdle.

"What shall I say, O my lord?"
"I'll smother thee, shouldst thou deny my danger; 'thou hast found thy tongue, at last. I want thee to say but little; that little is—'Will thou become my queen?"

"Oh! my lord the king," cried Hestia, "be merciful to me."
"Hail, ha!" laughed Domitian, contemptuously. "Who could be more merciful than I? Dost thou not know that there are scores of the poorest dregs of Rome who would give their ears to be honored as thou hast been by me this day?"

"Let them be so honored, my lord; I crave nothing of the kind that thou dost offer."
"We will say but little about that," said Domitian; "in the meanwhile thou wilt prepare thyself to be my queen. A week from this day thou shalt be mine."
"I shall be dead before that time," sighed Hestia. "Thou shalt have to wed a corpse, to verify thy word."

The king smiled. "I will not permit thee to leave my presence. Thou wilt live for me and mine."
"Thy queen is not dead; thou canst not marry two women," said Hestia, indignantly.

With a roar of brutal laughter Domitian threw himself back upon his seat.
"What a woman thou art! a perfect Socrates. Dost thou know I had not such a laugh since I have been king? Hail, ha! The queen is not dead! Hail, ha!" continued he, wiping his eyes.

"Perhaps," continued Domitian, "thou wouldst like to see thy lover before thou art united to me? Thou canst do so if thou wilt."
Hestia, not knowing hardly what to do, stared wildly at Domitian.

"I am generous," said he, swelling out his chest. "What wilt thou say?"
In these pure minded, noble souled days, a young girl situated in the same position as Hestia was, would have prayed the king that she might be set free from the loath she was in, on account that it was wrong for the king to talk to her of love, when his own wife lived. But Hestia was a simple girl, living in a barbarous age, and knew none of the conventionalities of the gilded-fetters of modern times; so she simply said—

"King! If thou dost what thou sayest, thou canst have my life!"
"I desire it not. But," said he, suddenly, as if struck with a new after-thought, "wilt thou become mine willingly, if thou hast one interview with this I, Beccellus?"

Hestia compressed her lips. "Thou art not a gentle wooer, please, my lord."
"By my hand, thou art right," said Domitian. "Dost thou wish to see thy lover, thy old parasite of love?"

"I would that I might be permitted where Beccellus is."
"It is a gloomy place," said the king, "and moist. Wilt thou go?"
"I will."

"There are," said Domitian, "hideous shapes, festored from corruption; there are larvae and crawling worms."
"What dost Beccellus there?" inquired Hestia, tremulously.
"The gods forbid!" cried the king, "that he is to die!"

"Hail, this morrow then," said Domitian, aloud; thus speaking to himself, he muttered—"I can do work upon her fears as to do what I wish; a bold thought—a good thought!"

"King," said Hestia, "dost thou dost attempt to deceive me—if thou sayest Beccellus is to die and it be not true—"
"It is as true as fate," said Domitian. "Who shall prevent it? Is not the man in my power—in my dungeon?"

"When was this done, my lord? Was it when Beccellus was torn from me?"
"It was."

"Why should he die?" said Hestia, struggling to hold back her tears. "He never harmed me!"
"He is in my way," said Domitian. "He bars thee from me."
"Am I to see him, my lord?"

"Aye! If thou dost consent to become my queen."
"I cannot!" said Hestia. "I pray thee let me depart."
"Thou art sure and certain in thy desire to leave, and become not mine?" queried the king.

"Thou sayest so. May the gods give me strength to bear me out in what I say."
Then Beccellus shall die!"

"Oh my Lord!" cried Hestia, bursting into tears and clasping her hands. "Be not so cruel. I am but a weak girl—destroy me—my life is of no account, but save—save Beccellus!"

Domitian listened to this outburst on the part of Hestia with a grim smile.
"Thou hast his life within thy reach and grasp," said the king.
"What shall I do to save his life?"

"Wed me," answered the king.
"And thy own wife now?"
"I will," said Domitian. "One month from that time I take thee to myself."
"Wilt thou let me be led to the place where Beccellus is?" said Hestia.

"For what?"
"That I may bid him adieu," replied Hestia, with a mournful smile.
"When thou shalt return from the dungeon, thou dost promise, by neither look, or word, or deed, to refer to the past, or remember him more?"

"Not oh, not that!" cried Hestia. "I cannot forget him."
"What dost thou promise, then?"
"Never to trouble thee with one expressed thought of him; never to breathe his name; that thou shalt hear," said Hestia.
"Thou dost promise this?" said Domitian, "and also to be mine?"

"I do."
"Swear!" shouted Domitian.
"May the Gods and he forgive me," said Hestia. "I do."
"I seal it on thy lips," said Domitian, seizing Hestia in his arms and kissing her.

She submitted to this with a loathing that she did not care to conceal. Domitian saw it, but he was too much delighted with the slightest concession to find fault with any action on the part of Hestia.

"Thou art as sweet as vernal dew," said he. "Come thou with me."
"To Beccellus?"

"The same." And Domitian taking Hestia by the arm, led her from the room.

As they were passing along one of the corridors of the palace on their way to the rooms of Domitian, Rabiere passed with a hasty step. Domitian called him back.

"Whither goest thou?"
"My king!" cried Rabiere—"So it is. Dost thou know I saw thee not until now?"

"Thou art almost purblind. Dost see the queen?"
"Rabiere glanced at Hestia with some astonishment.
"This is a surprise," said he. "I greet thee, my queen."
"Thou canst save thy words," said Domitian, "she will not talk with thee!"

"I have something of great import to tell thee," said Rabiere; "to thy private room and bid thee return."
"Do so," said Domitian; and hearing this, Rabiere hurriedly left them.

"My Venus," said the king to Hestia, "hast thou fear of me?"
"None, my lord."
"Thou art a brave heart, after all," said Domitian. "Enter here."

With this Domitian, followed by Hestia, entered a room plainly furnished. There was no attempt at ornament of any kind. The floor was tiled, the walls bare, the ceiling a plain arch. Jutting out from the walls were a number of oval shaped articles of bronze, hollowing in towards the centre; each perforated with a hole of about an inch in diameter.

Domitian walked to one of these oval bronzes, and touching a spring, said to Hestia—
"Couldst thou recognize the voice of Beccellus?"

"Could I?" said Hestia, with a faint smile. "Could I? My heart would hear it, king, were it almost dead."
"Then listen."

Through the aperture of the bronze, and which Domitian had opened when he touched the spring, a faint, low sound came as of a muffled human voice. It was too low to distinguish syllables, but Hestia's face flushed, and her breath came fast, as she stood and heard.

"Whose?" said Domitian, pointing to the tube.
"My—Beccellus—it is the voice of Beccellus," cried Hestia.
"We will go to him," said Domitian. "Thou hearst! He is not dead yet!"

Hestia made no reply, but pressing her hand lightly over her wildly throbbing heart, waited for Domitian. This room was only one of many of the finished inventions of the kind that Domitian had. The coils of the dungeons (they were all built below the palace) were made in the form of spheres—that is, the ceilings and floors were circular, the floor only being flat. From the ceiling a pipe led up to the room where Domitian and Hestia stood. Not a groan, not a sigh, not a shriek of pain, came from the unfortunate prisoners but was carried up into the room. At a short distance from the pipe words were not intelligible; but placed the ear to the pipe, and every word was made distinct at once. It was a favorite amusement with Domitian to come into this room when "troubled" with the brack and cowering all the pipes, hear the voices of the prisoners in every manner of human misery, come up to him.

"Art thou ready?" demanded Domitian of Hestia.
"A ways, my Lord."
"Follow me."

Domitian, followed by Hestia, walked from the room and down the staircase to a lower floor. Domitian unlocked a door, and held it open for Hestia to enter. There was but a dim light shining in through the panes of glass of the only window to the place, and it but made objects semi-visible. Domitian approached the wall and touched a small knob, and a panel flew open.

"Art thou not afraid yet?"
"No, king; I see not this place—I look beyond," said Hestia.
Domitian stared at her a moment, and then with a half sneer ordered her to follow him. Stepping into the small doorway which the opening panel had disclosed, Domitian and Hestia wended their way down a steep flight of steps.

SCRAPS OF INFORMATION.

FURS.—The largest emporium for furs in the world is doubtless Moscow, and apropos of this last named city, we recently learned from one who was present at the first world's fair in London, 1851, when the furs from Moscow for the exposition were being unrolled, he observed that each fur contained a swan's quill, one end of which were tightly curled. On inquiring of the Russian gentleman who had the quills changed, he was informed that the quills contained liquid quicksilver, and were a certain preventative of the attacks of moths. Next to Moscow, as a fur emporium, comes St. Petersburg, then London, Leipzig, etc. In this country New York is the great mart, and Maiden Lane the place where furriers most do congregate.

ANTHROPOLOGY. THE ACT OF EATING ONE'S SELF.—At a late meeting of the French Academy of Medicine, a very singular paper was read on "Anthropology, Spontaneous and Artificial." M. A. Armand, the author of the paper, bases his theory on the fact that the body, when deprived of its ordinary nutriment, consumes itself, until, as its substance fades away, its temperature falls and death ensues. He had proved by experiments that the most economical method for this self-consumption is to keep up the ordinary processes of nutrition by slight bleeding and drinking the blood of the two animals in a similar condition, one of which he starved, and the other fed upon its own blood alone, the latter lived several days longer than the former.

INTERESTING.—Some ingenious workers out of statistics has brought out the following calculation, a curious one in its way. Soldiers are hit during battle according to the color of their dress, in the following order:—Red is the most fatal color; the least fatal, the green; then the gray; then the blue; then the black; then the white; then the brown; then the yellow; then the orange; then the purple; then the pink; then the light blue; then the dark blue; then the light green; then the dark green; then the light brown; then the dark brown; then the light gray; then the dark gray; then the light black; then the dark black; then the light white; then the dark white; then the light yellow; then the dark yellow; then the light orange; then the dark orange; then the light purple; then the dark purple; then the light pink; then the dark pink; then the light light blue; then the dark light blue; then the light dark blue; then the dark dark blue; then the light light green; then the dark light green; then the light dark green; then the dark dark green; then the light light brown; then the dark light brown; then the light dark brown; 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NEW YORK CLIPPER.

DEVOTED TO SPORTS AND PASTIMES—THE DRAMA—PHYSICAL AND MENTAL RECREATIONS, ETC.

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TESTS, MUSCULAR AND MENTAL.

In many professions, it is the invariable rule to subject the muscular qualifications of all applicants for admission. In the army, the navy, and the police, for example, no man is allowed to pass without a rigid examination in this respect. The reason is obvious. Lacking health and strength, as indicated in muscular formation, a man, whatever his general fitness might be, could not be of service—in the army, the navy, or the police—three organizations of vital importance to the commonwealth, and which it is consequently necessary to surround with all possible guarantees of efficiency. Taking the public generally, however, there is no such test resorted to, because there is no preceding care (at all events, to anything like an adequate extent) in bodily training. What, we ask, is the ordinary limit of endeavor in the case? A guarding, by mere clothing, against the severity of winter, and a studying of summer requirements precisely by the same means; a little exercise out of doors; and a resort to approved medicines when anything like illness has set in. These are all we know of, and seem to be considered quite sufficient by the parents and other guardians of youth, who, taking health and strength as a free gift of nature, leave its preservation to little else than mere chance. We wish it were otherwise—that persons having the rearing of the younger generation, although those with whom they are associated may not be called upon to enter services imperatively demanding physical excellence, would consider that advantage as a necessity, and train their pupils accordingly. Surely, if it is equally right to cultivate strength and muscle for the advantage of others, it is equally right to do the same for the man himself. Be he in whatever walk of life he may, the feeling of enjoyment and security inseparable from a sound physique, is dear to him, and beside, an assurance of a prolonged life. Let this be remembered, and the time will soon be here when the instances of muscular training will be increased ten fold, and the citizens generally pass the test hitherto applied in only isolated cases. We now turn to mental cultivation and test; and here we find, as the rule, either too much or too little. Our own neighborhood furnishes us the examples. On our right, we may say, is a youth whose guardians are fairly cramming him with learning—who are like unwise men in the extent and the variety of the lore they are forcing upon their charge, allotting to him six consecutive hours daily to the routine of the school-room, taxing his memory, which ought to be left unshackled in the evening, with long lessons, to be recited without a falter, in the morning, and jumbling Latin and Greek, history and mathematics, geography and astronomy into one heap, without classification and without a pause between each—the sure effect of which will be death or stupidity, if we except a third issue, which sometimes presents itself in the production of a wordy pedant. This will do for our example on the right; that on the left shows us the lack of mental culture almost to the extent of entire ignorance. Yet, of the two extremes, the latter is the least lamentable, for we hold it better to have a comparatively barren mind along with a sound body, than to unite a surfeited intellect to a frail frame—the latter being the necessary characteristic of the forced scholar. How much more preferable would it be to observe the golden medium, by studying the proper requirements of mind and body at the same time! The means are abundant, and no man having a due regard for the thorough well-being of those who have been entrusted to his care, will, recognizing them as we do, hesitate to take advantage of them. Those who do not, are parents and teachers in the trust acceptance of the term. These who do, had better lighted on some other destiny than their own. The neglect of the right course entails a puny race on the world; an adherence to it is sure to eventuate in a race of giants, physically and mentally.

AGAINST THE RING.—A contemporary went to immense pains in a recent issue to demonstrate the downfall and the inherent evil of the Ring; but more ridiculous illustration of what the lawyers would call a "failure in making out a case," we do not remember. Not having any facts to produce in support of his argument, he resorted to a distortion of those which told on the opposite side. Thus, in reverting to the fight between Heenan and Sayers, at Farnborough, our editor seeks to clinch his argument entirely by the statement that none but the lowest kind of persons were present on the occasion; whereas, to his confusion, it stands on the record that the elite of society, in its different specialties, was largely represented on the field of the great international battle. Grave legislators were there, and bishops, besides magistrates, officers of the army and navy, journalists, artists, and professional men generally. Now, if an audience can give a character to an exhibition, the audience collected at Farnborough, on the 17th of last April, must be accepted as a favorable testimony to the exhibition there and then taking place, and by parity of reasoning, to the institution to which it properly belonged. Standing upon the weak ground he does, it is not surprising that the writer alluded to should prophesy a downfall for the Ring, with the same gibberish he displays in repudiating its general character and tendencies. To challenge him to realize his words would be futile, in view of his utter incapacity in the premises. Able men might attempt it, but even in that case, we should feel confident as ever in the adverse position we have taken. That the Ring is a social necessity is so palpable a proposition, to our mind, that nothing can possibly prove the contrary. It is admitted on all sides, we believe, that a feeling of general security is a desideratum in a people. That granted, we should like to be informed what is so essential to the above as the confidence of the individual in his own powers of defense, which it is the province of the pugilistic art to foster. Facts which we have not space to particularize now, have recently arisen to show how gradual and certain the decay of physical power and mental assurance has been, in conjunction with the discouragement of prize fighting. A spirit of dulness and intolerance is to be blamed for this, more than the acts of a government, whose individual members have encouraged what in their corporate character, they have been obliged to repudiate. That we, on "this side," may be more wary, has long been our earnest hope.

PISTOLS IN THE WEST.—What is supposed to be the "respectable" manner of settling differences in the Far West, seems to be assuming all the character of a harmless and useful sport, if we are to credit the following notice, clipped from a paper published at Pike's Peak, and bearing date the 28th ult.—

"A duel is to be fought to day at 10 o'clock, between a Mr. Riley and Charles Harrison. The former is the challenging party. He is a young lawyer, formerly from Virginia, and has been acting as deputy sheriff at Mountain City for some time past. Charles Harrison keeps the Criterion Saloon in this city. The weapons appointed are navy pistols, distance, fifteen feet, arms to be drawn after the word 'fire' is given."

Perhaps some of our neighbors who are always ready to condemn the P. R., will get up and deliver a lecture on the cold-blooded brutality of the above.

A Bad Egg.—A man hailing from Buffalo, and who recently visited the rail splitter, "Old Abe," passing himself off as the Banica Boy, ended his career at Terre Haute, Indiana, by quarrelling with a stranger over a plate of oysters, when the stranger shot the Buffalo impostor through the heart.

A SNOWMAN'S OPINION OF WASHINGTON.—George Washington's fate, (according to "Artemus Ward," was, "not to have any public man of the present day resemble him to any amount extent."

CRICKET.

KEYSTONE VS FALLS OF SCHUYLKILL.—A match between these clubs was played at Philadelphia on Thanksgiving day, 25th ult., and resulted in a victory for the Keystone by 25 runs, according to the score annexed—

KEYSTONE.		Second Innings.	
Fatterson b Bryson.....	2	b Bryson.....	0
Creely b Bryson.....	13	c Haywood b Bryson.....	2
A Waterman b Bryson.....	1	c b Bryson.....	10
McBride run out.....	1	b Beck.....	0
Slocy c Whalley b Haywood.....	1	absent.....	0
Goodman b Haywood.....	2	b Beck.....	0
Fennimore c Whalley b Haywood.....	1	b Beck.....	1
J Waterman c Whalley b Haywood.....	6	c Dewey b Beck.....	7
Graham b Bryson.....	0	1 b w b Beck.....	3
Fosse b Haywood.....	1	not out.....	3
Bratton not out.....	2	run out.....	1
Byes 2, wide 2.....	4	b Byes, 4.....	0
Total.....	39	Total.....	29

FALLS OF SCHUYLKILL.		Second Innings.	
Haywood b A Waterman.....	1	run out.....	0
Bryson b Creely.....	1	c Goodman b Creely.....	0
C Whalley b A Waterman.....	1	b A Waterman.....	0
T Whalley run out.....	3	c J Waterman b Creely.....	3
Kenworthy c J W man b Creely.....	2	c Bratton b Creely.....	1
Timber run out.....	0	not out.....	0
Tuckey b Creely.....	2	c Graham b Creely.....	0
Dewey b Creely.....	0	b Creely.....	0
Beck b A Waterman.....	2	b A Waterman.....	0
Bratton not out.....	1	run out.....	0
Dorsey b A Waterman.....	6	b A Waterman.....	0
Byes 4, wide 1.....	5	b Byes.....	1
Total.....	31	Total.....	10

CRICKET ON THANKSGIVING DAY.—The Continental and Chippewa Clubs, of Philadelphia, played a match on the 29th ult., which curiously enough, resulted in a tie. We append the record—

CONTINENTAL.		Second Innings.	
Welsh b Hurley.....	7	c Rehn b Hurley.....	20
Clair b Donahoe.....	2	b Hurley.....	1
M Ryan b Donahoe.....	2	b Hurley.....	3
Moore b wkt b Hurley.....	1	b Donahoe.....	0
A Ryan b Hurley.....	1	b Hurley.....	4
Lynch b Donahoe.....	3	b Hurley.....	0
Donahoe b w b Lynch.....	3	b Hurley.....	0
Cummings b Hurley.....	1	b Hurley.....	1
Donner b Donahoe.....	2	b Hurley.....	3
McNally not out.....	2	b Donahoe.....	1
Deery c Dingee b Donahoe.....	0	b Hurley.....	2
Byes.....	1	Wide.....	1
Total.....	22	Total.....	37

CHIPPWEA.		Second Innings.	
Dingee b Lynch.....	1	b A Ryan.....	2
Cassello run out.....	4	run out.....	4
Hutchinson b Welsh.....	1	c Devereux b A Ryan.....	0
Hurley b Lynch.....	1	c and b Lynch.....	1
Berry c A Ryan b Welsh.....	3	not out.....	21
Donahoe b w b Lynch.....	3	b Lynch.....	1
Louis b Welsh.....	0	b Lynch.....	0
Whelan b A Ryan.....	3	b Lynch.....	0
Shields b M Ryan.....	0	c Nichols run out.....	0
Rehn not out.....	0	c McNally b Welsh.....	0
Amis c Welsh b M Ryan.....	1	b Welsh.....	4
Wicks.....	2	b wkt b Welsh.....	1
Total.....	17	Total.....	42

Umpires—Messrs. Henckels and Farrell. Scorers—Messrs. King and Fitzpatrick. Since the above was in type, we have received another account, which claims a win for Chippewa by one wicket.

INDEPENDENT VS CRESCENTVILLE.—A cricket match was played on Thanksgiving day, 25th ult., between these clubs, the former of Chippewa, the latter of Crescentville, on the grounds of the former, near Fox Chase, Pa., in which the Independent was victorious, as the following score will show—

INDEPENDENT.		Second Innings.	
Drake b Crowder.....	2	run out.....	1
E Ellis c Rice b Crowder.....	2	c Broadhurst b Liversage.....	4
Shawyer b Liversage.....	0	b Liversage.....	4
Crowder b Liversage.....	8	c Ramsbottom b Liversage.....	4
J Therman b Crowder.....	9	c Rice b Crowder.....	25
G Harvey b Liversage.....	0	b Crowder.....	7
McGuff b Liversage.....	0	c Williams b Crowder.....	10
E Ellis b Liversage.....	1	not out.....	4
W Harvey not out.....	0	b Crowder.....	4
E Ellis b Liversage.....	0	b Liversage.....	0
J Therman b Crowder.....	2	c Croser b Crowder.....	4
Byes 3, leg bye 1.....	4	Wide 3, byes 4, leg byes 4.....	11
Total.....	28	Total.....	88

CRESCENTVILLE.		Second Innings.	
Liversage b Drake.....	2	c G Harvey b Drake.....	0
Croser b J Therman b Drake.....	0	b Drake.....	0
Crowder b Drake.....	7	b Drake.....	0
Mathers b J Therman.....	3	b Drake.....	0
Ramsbottom c Therman b Drake.....	2	b J Therman.....	1
Rhodes b Drake.....	0	b J Therman.....	5
G Harvey c J Therman.....	0	b J Therman b Drake.....	0
Rice b Drake.....	0	not out.....	0
Broadhurst c J Therman.....	2	c E Ellis b J Therman.....	2
Ashburn b Drake.....	0	c Crawford b Drake.....	0
Williams not out.....	2	b Drake.....	2
Wide 1, byes 2.....	3	Total.....	11

UNION CRICKET CLUB AVERAGES.—This club, of Cincinnati, has brought its season to a close, which, we are informed, has been a successful one, and much enjoyed by them. For the year 1861, they are already making preparations and arranging matches, chief among which is to be the West vs Canada West. This ought to be a good match, and will doubtless create much interest, and do good service for the game. The officers elected recently, to carry on their negotiations, and conduct the affairs of the club for the coming year, are, President, W. H. Hollidge; Vice-President, G. E. Ward; Corresponding Secretary, J. Coates; Recording Secretary and Treasurer, M. T. Williamson; Ground Committee, Messrs. J. Byrnes, G. W. Lewis, and D. Brokenshire; Property Man, W. George. The averages of their batsmen for the season just past, are very creditable to them individually and as a club. J. Byrnes taking the lead, with an average of 24 and 1 over. We here append them—

Names.	Middle.	High.	Low.	Average.	High.	Low.	Average.
D Brokenshire.....	8	11	58	5.3	15	15	2
J Hollidge.....	12	12	20	9.1	42	41	0
T Russell.....	8	20	24	4.4	9	9	0
G W Lewis.....	5	6	24	4.0	8	8	2
G Ellard.....	8	12	98	2.3	23	23	3
J Hollidge.....	12	12	9	4.1	9	9	0
J Ellard.....	9	13	13	1.4	4	4	2
M Bradshaw.....	3	15	42	2.2	19	14	1
W George.....	3	12	12	2.2	19	14	1
J Byrnes.....	4	16	137	26.1	87	59	3
W H Hollidge.....	5	7	58	8.2	30	30	0
M T Williamson.....	8	12	63	5.3	15	15	0
T Russell.....	4	7	48	6.6	15	14	0
S Harvey.....	10	41	41	12	10	1	0
S Hollidge.....	4	6	20	2.4	10	10	0

AHEAD CRICKET CLUB AVERAGES.—The Ashland Club, of Philadelphia, has just concluded a very pleasant season, their play, however, for the most part, having been among themselves, they having played but three matches with other clubs, of which they won two. They would like to make up for this next season, by playing matches with the All United Eleven, Obello, and Ascot, the second eleven of the Philadelphia, Talon, Farmington, Young America, and Hamilton, or the first eleven of any junior club in Philadelphia. The record of their doings for the past season is given in the table annexed—

Names.	Middle.	High.	Low.	Average.	High.	Low.	Average.
J D McBride.....	8	4	75	18.3	19	55	1
Young.....	12	19	9.1	15	15	1	0
Demer.....	4	14	3.2	6	6	0	0
Cobb.....	12	38	12.2	25	25	0	0
Myers.....	12	26	13.0	21	21	0	0
Zeller.....	9	4	13	5.3	11	11	0
Sherr.....	1	1	1.0	1	1	1	0
A Stief.....	3	3	1.0	1	1	1	0
H Stief.....	3	3	1.0	1	1	1	0
F McBride.....	4	3	0.3	1	1	0	0
Kemer.....	3	14	4.2	7	10	0	0
Ditch.....	1	1	6.0	6	6	0	0
How.....	2	3	6.0	4	4	0	0
McCall.....	1	2	6.0	3	3	0	0
Liversage.....	1	2	10.0	5.0	10	10	0
Sullivan.....	1	2	10.0	5.0	10	10	0
Colum.....	1	1	5.0	5	5	1	0

THE RING IN BY-GONE DAYS,

BEING A RECORD OF WELL FOUGHT BATTLES,

NOW FIRST RE-PUBLISHED IN THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

NUMBER FOUR.

Rough Robin, of Manchester.—His Fights with Bundoloch and Gylbets.

The above rough piece of stuff, who had distinguished himself as "Rough Robin" in the neighborhood of Manchester, in the mill-lane, was induced to try his luck in the London P. R., and accordingly he placed himself under the care of the John Bull fighter. The latter boxer soon got him matched for £50 a side against a Mr. Bundoloch; introduced to the notice of the Fancy, by Mr. Benjamin Medley, the game opponent of the late Dutch Sam.

Upon No Man's Land, twenty-five miles from London, and four from St. Albans, did the above-milling cover, on Tuesday, August 30th, 1825, try which should prove the blunder. Robin, it was said, was an out-and-outer, from Manchester; and Bundoloch a good article, from Cambridge. According to report, Robin had won twenty battles in the country, and he was sent forward as Somebody. Robin threw his caster into the ring, attended by his seconds, the John Bull Fighter and Harry Holt. Bundoloch appeared immediately afterwards, supported by Harry Hammer and George Head. Robin decidedly the favorite, at 5 and 6 to 4.

Round 1. On stripping, Robin appeared rough and ready for action; his mug was completely red; smiling confidence also sat upon his brow; and, according to the phrase of the P. R., he looked a "precious big one." Bundoloch appeared well, and was by no means a "little one." Robin, contrary to all expectation, was cautious, and Bundoloch was equally so. Robin, on the other hand, was bold, and had thought to have seen some science, "exclaimed Holt. Some time elapsed before Harry let fly, and the blow alighted on the rough one's nob. Robin, rather at random, returned the compliment. It was now better kept, anyhow, like straggling shots on both sides; but Bundoloch put in the most blows. In closing, Robin was the undermost.

2. Robin exhibited no smashing points, nothing of the slaughter-house kind; but he was awfully and rolling about, "steadily," cried Josh. Robin missed a heavy blow aimed at his opponent's body; another ramble came scramble set out; no mischief, till Mr. Bundoloch over-reached himself and fell down.

3. The Cambridge man had the best of the hitting; but he would not look up at his man, and what little execution he did was all at random. "How much do you like it?" said Josh. "Hold on your head, and look at your man, and you can do wrong." Exchange of blows, and not light ones either, when Harry kept administering pepper on Robin's mug till he went down. The Bundolochites now were all happiness, and offered some odds upon their man. The Half-Mooners looked a little comical, thinking Robin was not so desperate a man as they had previously anticipated. Blood was now seen on Robin's snout.

4. Bundoloch rather ray, went into work, and might have done considerable mischief, if he had but have stared his man full in the face. He had decidedly the best of 4th till Rough Robin planted a pretty particular stunning sort of a taste on the top of Harry's snout, at the corner of the Cambridge article, and almost put the dozing system on his upper works. "Very nasty indeed, Mr. Broad-way. What do you have to say about it?" said Josh. "Suppose you call that 'Robin, a topper for luck'."

5. Harry looked a little stupid on coming to the scratch, but he revived and planted several hits, by which Robin seemed none the worse. The Rough one, at the ropes, proved the strongest man, till Bundoloch slipped down.

6. Neither of the men answered the high characters which had been ascribed by their friends. Robin, an active enough man, there was no devil in the composition of Bundoloch. Harry might have done wonders in the country; but neither Hammer, George Head, nor Tom Belcher, could get him to attend to their advice. In closing, Robin felt, not lightly, on his opponent. The majority of the spectators were 2 to 1 in favor of Bundoloch.

7. The Cambridge man began to fall off in his wind; symptoms of weakness were visible to all parties; he had, however, the best of the hitting, and Mr. Rough Robin received repeated smacks of the chops; but he replied, "nought is the matter," Harry down.

8. "Come, be alive, Bob," said Josh. "And get through your job." "I will, Master," answered Robin. The latter showed plenty of resolution, but he threw more of his blows away than told. Bundoloch generally had the best at the first part of the round, but he now went down weak.

9. It was curious to witness the pepper Robin's mug received in this round. Bundoloch planted one, two, three, four, five hits in succession. "My eye," says a cove, "how he ticks him." Harry might as well have belabored a tombstone. Robin only laughed. "Hollo!" cried Josh. "You'll have your face spoiled, if you don't look out!" Bundoloch down.

10. Robin envied to plant a run one, but was stopped; and after an exchange of blows, he napt a wistycaster, the best hit nearly in the battle; in fact, it must have floored Robin, if Holt had not caught him on his knee, thereby preventing the hit. Here several murmurs occurred, and "foul foul!" was the order of the ring; but "Hollo!" cried Josh. "It was unintentional on his part, as he could not get out of the way."

11. Bundoloch again took the lead in hitting, but finished the round badly. The Cambridge man was extremely weak. Two and three to one.

12. Robin was now the hero of the tale; and the Half-Mooners began to vent out safe. "Keep on your head, Harry! look at your man, and you can't miss him." But Harry refused all advice, and went down exhausted.

13. This was the winning round for Robin.

14, 15, 16, 17, 18, and last, Bundoloch, it is true, appeared at the scratch; but Robin sent him down in a twinkling. When time expired, Bundoloch was in a state of stupor. It was over in 25 minutes.

OBSERVATIONS.—One thing appeared clear, that neither Robin nor Bundoloch would obtain the Championship.

Rough Robin was matched against the well-known game Gylbets, for £50 a side. This battle was decided on Tuesday, October 11th, 1825, at the Ring, in the mill-lane, and a trying distance, between St. Austead, and three miles beyond Bishop Stortford, the above battle was decided in favor of Rough Robin. Gylbets only weighed eleven stone, and full of confidence; Rough Robin weighed fifteen stone, at least, and was backed at 5 to 4, but eagerly taken by the admirers of Gylbets Pie. Gylbets first threw his beaver into the ring, attended by Gurney and Reed. The Rough One soon repeated the token of defiance, waited upon by David Hudson and Manning. Six to four, and in a few instances, two to one, were sported on the protage of the John Bull Fighter.

Round 1. Gylbets was well known to the ring as a good fighter, and although he was so much under his opponent in weight, yet an opinion was entertained, if he was only in condition, so as to second his scientific qualities, the chance was in his favor of being pronounced the conqueror. Robin was an orderly man, and he acted up to his instructions; he could not lead to do mischief, therefore he waited at his leisure to be upon the defensive. Gylbets, on the bustle, put in a body blow with his right hand, and also jabbed with his left on the Rough One's cheek, producing the claret—Robin, however, returned the blow, and "blood, blood," and "blood, blood," resounded from both sides. The science of Gylbets again prevailed; a face was the result, and he got away cleverly. Robin, like bricks and mortar, was as steady as a wall, and said as how "it would not do to follow his opponent." Gylbets, full of pluck, went up resolutely, and fought with his man, and some heavy work occurred between them; but the Rough One made him dangerous, yet the skill of Gylbets enabled him to go in with gloves, and plant a jabber or two on the Rough One's nose and mouth, but Robin now and then returned the compliment. The Pet of the Fancy advised Gylbets to fight principally with his left hand, and to reserve his right till a good opportunity offered of his making use of it with success. The fighting of Gylbets was excellent, and attractive to the amateurs; the Rough One, however, was not so good, and the spectators complete Receiver General—never flinching from a blow napping at every point, and the claret running down in streams from his nose, mouth, and a severe cut under his right eye. Gylbets, however, did not go so far, but now and then he received a heavy lick or two. It was really astonishing to see the style in which Gylbets carried the superiority over his adversary, more especially when the great disparity of weight was witnessed between the weight and size of the combatants. Robin (we suppose according to orders) would not quit his corner of the ring, and therefore Gylbets was compelled to go to work, when he made himself up to do "a bit of summat," and, after some successful manoeuvring, Gylbets planted a tremendous throe—a sort of choker, which sent Robin like a chlor, and his legs went in a round about manner, and he fell on his back. The science of Gylbets again prevailed; a face was the result, and he got away cleverly. Robin, like bricks and mortar, was as steady as a wall, and said as how "it would not do to follow his opponent." Gylbets, full of pluck, went up resolutely, and fought with his man, and some heavy work occurred between them; but the Rough One made him dangerous, yet the skill of Gylbets enabled him to go in with gloves, and plant a jabber or two on the Rough One's nose and mouth, but Robin now and then returned the compliment. The Pet of the Fancy advised Gylbets to fight principally with his left hand, and to reserve his right till a good opportunity offered of his making use of it with success. The fighting of Gylbets was excellent, and attractive to the amateurs; the Rough One, however, was not so good, and the spectators complete Receiver General—never flinching from a blow napping at every point, and the claret running down in streams from his nose, mouth, and a severe cut under his right eye. Gylbets, however, did not go so far, but now and then he received a heavy lick or two. It was really astonishing to see the style in which Gylbets carried the superiority over his adversary, more especially when the great disparity of weight was witnessed between the weight and size of the combatants. Robin (we suppose according to orders) would not quit his corner of the ring, and therefore Gylbets was compelled to go to work, when he made himself up to do "a bit of summat," and, after some successful manoeuvring, Gylbets planted a tremendous throe—a sort of choker, which sent Robin like a chlor, and his legs went in a round about manner, and he fell on his back. The science of Gylbets again prevailed; a face was the result, and he got away cleverly. Robin, like bricks and mortar, was as steady as a wall, and said as how "it would not do to follow his opponent." Gylbets, full of pluck, went up resolutely, and fought with his man, and some heavy work occurred between them;

THE GAME OF CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. M. HAWK, St. Louis.—Done, with pleasure.
JOHN SCHLESINGER, Cleveland.—Just so, see amendments. Received.
ADRIATIC, N. Y.—They have; if you wish his games only, we can furnish you the Vol. for \$1.25; if, with him, you would like a splendid collection from almost all the best players and in all styles, \$1.75.
W. H. MUNDY, Seneca Falls.—\$4 received of Mr. Kappner; letters all at hand; the three sets ordered have been sent by express—and other points observed.

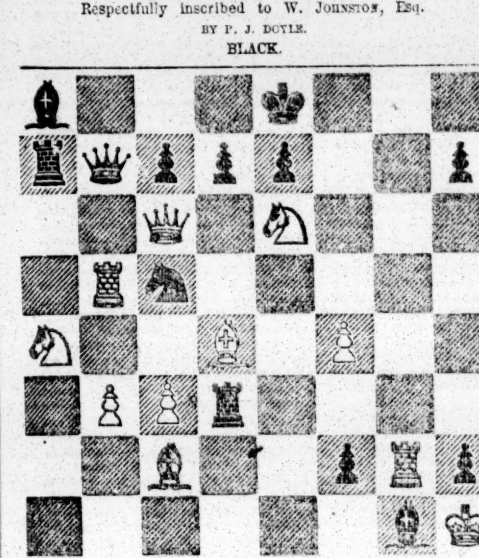
A COMMUNICATION challenging "Lopez" to a game by correspondence, on the same terms as that with "Thana," has been forwarded to our contributor, who declines the engagement.

BRADLEY'S DIME CHESS INSTRUCTOR.—By the time the present issue reaches our distant readers, this dime manual of chess players will be out. The author prides himself upon having got more of what is superlatively excellent, with less of what is even of doubtful utility than any other similar chess book extant contains; coupled with the finest personal appearance any such work ever presented to the amateurs. The Elements of the game; all the best openings; and a series of brilliant games; and all for 10 cents—12 cents if sent by mail. 18 mo. pp. 80. By MASON J. HAZELTINE, Esq.

ENIGMA No. 254. From the Chess Player's Chronicle. ENIGMA EXTRA. From the Chess—Vol. IV. p. 551. BY W. BONE.

at his R 5, Q 4, Q 2, Q 5th. at Q 6, KB 5, KR 5th.
at Q 2, K 2, KB 4th. at KB 5, KR 2, KR 3d.
White, with the move, draws. Black mates in 9, with P.

PROBLEM No. 254.—TOURNAMENT No. 69.
"Nunquam Non Paratus."
Respectfully inscribed to W. JOHNSON, Esq.
BY P. J. DOYLE.



WHITE. White to play and give mate in five moves.

GAME No. 254. Recently contested between Jacob Elson, a correspondent of Philadelphia, whom we hope to hear from more frequently, and James Thompson, Esq., of N. Y.—From our contributor L. C. N.

EVANS GAMBIT.
Attack. Mr. Thompson. Defence. Mr. Elson.
1. P to K 4. P to K 4.
2. K Kt to B 3. Q Kt to B 3.
3. K B to B 4. K B to B 4.
4. P to Q 4. P to Q 4.
5. P to Q 3. P to Q 3.
6. P to Q 4. P to Q 4.
7. K Kt to B 3. K Kt to B 3.
8. K Kt to B 3. K Kt to B 3.
9. K Kt to B 3. K Kt to B 3.
10. Q to K 5. Q to K 5.
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98. Q to K 5. Q to K 5.
99. Q to K 5. Q to K 5.
100. Q to K 5. Q to K 5.

(a) The strength of the attack commenced here is not proportioned to its ferocity; very interesting, though.
(b) To enable him to bring his K into action.
(c) Having two pawns ahead, he can now afford to challenge an exchange of Queens.
(d) Threatening now to play R to K Kt 5th.
(e) Driving the R to the very square he wishes to occupy.
(f) Threatening to win, off hand.
(g) Winning another Pawn; with a better, virtually a won game.
(h) Giving up the game by the most speedy process. If K to R 2d, the Defence would then capture the R with B, then compel an exchange of Queens, and so come from the mate with three Pawns ahead. For most of the above notes we are under obligations to our esteemed contributor.

OHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

THE AMERICAN DRAUGHT PLAYER.—By Henry Spayth; pp. 307, containing upwards of 1700 games and critical positions, being by far the most voluminous ever published, is now ready for delivery. Price, \$2.00, post paid to all parts of the country. Address FRANK QUEEN, editor New York Clipper, No. 20 Ann street, New York.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. SPAYTH, Buffalo.—Accept our best thanks for many kind favors, as well as for assurances of "more to come." "The \$5" were duly delivered and forwarded to your address a "long time ago," and we supposed were received by you. We sincerely regret to learn that this is not the case. We shall be most happy to make use of these "promised games."
Nov. 20, Oberlin, O.—Either forward your move, or consider yourself "checked out" as we must give the space to others.
Ron Roy, Chapel Hill, N. C.—Thanks for positions. We will examine that position again, and let you know the result.
Will. Bor, Oswego, N. Y.—Inserted. "Kinder look like it."
C. A. Chicago, Ill.—Thanks for game. Will examine and report. Critics entered.
A. G. CHAFFY, Hamsburg, Pa.—See remarks of "Will Boy" and C. A. this week.
F. E. D., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Position received. We are unable to state at present whether we shall enter into match games on diagrams during the coming winter. We do not understand why you sent the postage stamps.
H. L., Pittsburgh.—It looks like it. See remarks of "Will Boy" and C. A. this week.
SPECTATOR, East Douglas.—Thanks. Will examine.
C. H. IRVING, Howardsville, Va.—Thanks. Will appear next week.

CHICAGO, Nov. 22, 1860.—DRAUGHT ED CLIPPER.—Dear Sir: In Game 29, Vol. 8, "A Glasgow Chaffy" makes Black win, when "Greenhorn" ought. Thus:

Black. White. Black. White.
14. 14 to 9. 16. 14 to 23. 31 to 27.
15. 5 to 14. 23 18. Yours respectfully, C. A.

OSWEGO, Nov. 20, 1860.—DRAUGHT ED N. Y. CLIPPER.—Dear Sir: In the Clipper of Nov. 24, I observe a game between A. G. Chaffy and Greenhorn, in which Black wins, according to A. G. C. After Chaffy's 14th play, the pieces stood as follows: Black men on 1, 3, 5, 6, 7, 11, 12, 13, 15, 21. White men on 10, 14, 19, 20, 22, 23, 24, 30, 31, 32. White to move.

Black. White. Black. White.
14. 32 to 23. 17. 6 to 15. 19 to 10.
15. 13 to 17. 22 13. 18. 18 to 22. 23 18.
16. 15 to 13. 31 17. White wins.

If A. G. C. can show how Black can win after White's 14th move, 32 to 23, he will oblige a Draught Player. Will. Boy.

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 65.—VOL. VIII.
BY PENNSYLVANIAN.

White. Black. White. Black.
1. 32 to 27. 13 to 22. 3. 11 to 7. 4 to 11.
2. 27 to 24. 23 19. 4. 7 to 14. and wins.

OSWEGO, Nov. 20, 1860.—DRAUGHT ED N. Y. CLIPPER.—Dear Sir: In the Clipper of Nov. 24, I observe a game between A. G. Chaffy and Greenhorn, in which Black wins, according to A. G. C. After Chaffy's 14th play, the pieces stood as follows: Black men on 1, 3, 5, 6, 7, 11, 12, 13, 15, 21. White men on 10, 14, 19, 20, 22, 23, 24, 30, 31, 32. White to move.

Black. White. Black. White.
14. 32 to 23. 17. 6 to 15. 19 to 10.
15. 13 to 17. 22 13. 18. 18 to 22. 23 18.
16. 15 to 13. 31 17. White wins.

If A. G. C. can show how Black can win after White's 14th move, 32 to 23, he will oblige a Draught Player. Will. Boy.

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White. Black. White. Black.
1. 32 to 27. 13 to 22. 3. 11 to 7. 4 to 11.
2. 27 to 24. 23 19. 4. 7 to 14. and wins.

OSWEGO, Nov. 20, 1860.—DRAUGHT ED N. Y. CLIPPER.—Dear Sir: In the Clipper of Nov. 24, I observe a game between A. G. Chaffy and Greenhorn, in which Black wins, according to A. G. C. After Chaffy's 14th play, the pieces stood as follows: Black men on 1, 3, 5, 6, 7, 11, 12, 13, 15, 21. White men on 10, 14, 19, 20, 22, 23, 24, 30, 31, 32. White to move.

Black. White. Black. White.
14. 32 to 23. 17. 6 to 15. 19 to 10.
15. 13 to 17. 22 13. 18. 18 to 22. 23 18.
16. 15 to 13. 31 17. White wins.

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1. 32 to 27. 13 to 22. 3. 11 to 7. 4 to 11.
2. 27 to 24. 23 19. 4. 7 to 14. and wins.

OSWEGO, Nov. 20, 1860.—DRAUGHT ED N. Y. CLIPPER.—Dear Sir: In the Clipper of Nov. 24, I observe a game between A. G. Chaffy and Greenhorn, in which Black wins, according to A. G. C. After Chaffy's 14th play, the pieces stood as follows: Black men on 1, 3, 5, 6, 7, 11, 12, 13, 15, 21. White men on 10, 14, 19, 20, 22, 23, 24, 30, 31, 32. White to move.

Black. White. Black. White.
14. 32 to 23. 17. 6 to 15. 19 to 10.
15. 13 to 17. 22 13. 18. 18 to 22. 23 18.
16. 15 to 13. 31 17. White wins.

If A. G. C. can show how Black can win after White's 14th move, 32 to 23, he will oblige a Draught Player. Will. Boy.

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 65.—VOL. VIII.
BY PENNSYLVANIAN.

White. Black. White. Black.
1. 32 to 27. 13 to 22. 3. 11 to 7. 4 to 11.
2. 27 to 24. 23 19. 4. 7 to 14. and wins.

SOLUTION OF STURGES' FIRST POSITION.

White. Black. White. Black.
1. 27 to 32. 23 to 24. 7. 13 to 15. 24 to 18.
2. 23 to 18. 24 28(a). 8. 15 to 11. 16 to 19.
3. 18 to 15. 23 24. 9. 32 to 27. 18 to 32.
4. 15 to 12. 24 27. 10. 27 to 31. 19 to 23.
5. 12 to 9. 27 31. 11. 31 to 27. 32 to 28.
6. 28 to 32. 27 31. 12. 15 to 16. and wins.
7. 13 to 15. 24 18. 13. 3 to 7(f). 22 to 17.
8. 15 to 11. 16 to 19. 14. 7 to 10. 23 to 19.
9. 32 to 27. 18 to 32. 15. 16 to 23. 31 to 22.
10. 27 to 31. 19 to 23. 16. 23 to 31. 21 to 22.
11. 31 to 27. 32 to 28. 17. 12 to 14(g). 24 to 20.
12. 15 to 16. 16 to 19. 18. 16 to 19(h). 20 to 16.
13. 16 to 15(i). 19 to 10. 19 to 19. 23 to 16. 11.
14. 15 to 12. 26 to 30. 20. 23 to 26. 11 to 8.
15. 12 to 9. 30 24(d). 21. 26 to 30. 8 to 4.
16. 9 to 11. 24 10. 22. 30 to 30. 30 to 24.
17. 11 to 8(e). 30 11. 23 to 26. 28 to 24.
18. 8 to 16. 23 22. 24. 23 to 32. 24 to 19.
19. 16 to 12. 23 22. 24. 23 to 32. 24 to 19.
20. 12 to 9. 30 24(d). 21. 26 to 30. 8 to 4.
21. 9 to 11. 24 10. 22. 30 to 30. 30 to 24.
22. 15 to 16. 16 to 19. 18. 16 to 19(h). 20 to 16.
23. 16 to 15(i). 19 to 10. 19 to 19. 23 to 16. 11.
24. 15 to 12. 26 to 30. 20. 23 to 26. 11 to 8.
25. 12 to 9. 30 24(d). 21. 26 to 30. 8 to 4.
26. 9 to 11. 24 10. 22. 30 to 30. 30 to 24.
27. 11 to 8(e). 30 11. 23 to 26. 28 to 24.
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40. 12 to 9. 30 24(d). 21. 26 to 30. 8 to 4.
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43. 16 to 15(i). 19 to 10. 19 to 19. 23 to 16. 11.
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93. 16 to 15(i). 19 to 10. 19 to 19. 23 to 16. 11.
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97. 11 to 8(e). 30 11. 23 to 26. 28 to 24.
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113. 16 to 15(i). 19 to 10. 19 to 19. 23 to 16. 11.
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127. 11 to 8(e). 30 11. 23 to 26. 28 to 24.
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152. 15 to 16. 16 to 19. 18. 16 to 19(h). 20 to 16.
153. 16 to 15(i). 19 to 10. 19 to 19. 23 to 16. 11.
154. 15 to 12. 26 to 30

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Amusements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical, and Musical Profession.

BILL POSTERS UNION CARD.

The following bill posters can be depended upon, and all work sent to them will be faithfully attended to:

Albany, N. Y. J. B. Smith, Morning Times office. 20 6m
 Baltimore, Md. Geo. F. Walker, 12 North st., (basement). 15 3m
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BRYANT'S ETHIOPIAN OPERA HOUSE.

Mechanics' Hall, 472 Broadway, above Grand street.

JERRY, NEIL, and DAN BRYANT, Managers and Proprietors.

OPEN EVERY NIGHT during the Season. The Original and World-Famous BRYANT'S MINSTRELS. Originators of the present popular style of Minstrelsy, composed of the following unequalled artists:

JERRY BRYANT, DAN BRYANT, D. S. WAMBOLD,
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 The first to introduce the following popular acts:

Ensemble of Old Virginia, Scenes at Gurney's, Challenge Dance, The Three Hunters, The Garrotters, Doral MacDill Dances, Miss Isipili Fling, Also Dan Emmett's Original Plantation Songs, Dixie's Land, White Wash Army, Billy Patterson, Johnny Roach, Johnny Gouler, whose Beel Dat Burning, Chaw Roast Beef, Road to Georgia, Louisiana Low Doodle, High Low Jack, Heenan and Sayers, and many others. Doors open at 7. Curtain rises at 8 o'clock. Tickets 25 cents. 24

KUMSEY & NEWCOMB'S MINSTRELS.

NEW ORGANIZATION.

TRIPLE COMBINATION!

Consisting of

CORPS DE BALLET, PANTOMIME TROUPE,

And the most carefully Selected Company of

ETHIOPIAN MUSICIANS AND VOCALISTS

The World has ever produced.

Last of Arrivals for 1860-61.

A. V. HERANDEZ, HARRY LEHR,

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H. S. RUMSEY, M. L. ROSATI,

LITTLE BOBBY, JULES HUTTON,

E. FUCHSCHI, YOUNG LANGLOIS,

MONS. B. YATES, CARL DE VINCENT,

J. GARATEE, T. D. STANLEY,

W. W. NEWCOMB.

This Mammoth Enterprise will start on its Annual Tour, West and South, on route for the Island of Cuba, August 15th.

CARD EXPLANATIVE.

Until the present season we have announced ourselves as KUMSEY & NEWCOMB'S MINSTRELS, and as such were everywhere recognized. The name was our's by inheritance, we being the survivors of those who now sleep beneath the clouds of the valley, having, with them, years ago, formed the Campbells. As one by one departed, we kept struggling on, to maintain the reputation our dead brethren left behind, and at the same time establish permanently the name originally adopted. Soon the name became familiar as household words to the public, and the announcement "THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMING," was everywhere hailed with delight. But men lacking force, integrity, talent, or business qualifications, formed bands spasmodically, and as if to do their stolen children, named them falsely and called them Campbells. We found non-profits persons—Bohemians, strolling actors, mountebanks and impostors—roaming from city to city and town to town, and deceiving the public by ingeniously copied publications and downright misrepresentations. Recollections of the golden days of our Campbells; respect for the memory of our deceased co-laborers, and a desire to keep the public from the mischievous and vexatious abuses alluded to, we deemed it best to lay aside the name of Campbells, whose escutcheon we labored hard to keep untarnished, and as assume that our established firm; at the same time we would CAUTION THE PUBLIC that no persons now traveling or living, save ourselves, have a right to announce themselves as CAMPBELL MINSTRELS.

H. S. RUMSEY, W. W. NEWCOMB, Managers and Proprietors.

18U

ROOLEY & CAMPBELL'S MINSTRELS.

AT THEIR OLD HOMESTEAD,

NIBLO'S SALOON.

R. M. ROOLEY, S. C. CAMPBELL, & G. W. H. GRIFFIN, Proprietors.

MONDAY EVENING, AUG. 27th, and EVERY EVENING.

N. B.—Messrs. Rooley, Campbell & Griffin beg leave to announce to their patrons and the public generally, that they have leased the above commodious and popular Saloon for the winter season, where they intend to produce a series of Ethiopian Entertainments in the most recherche style, which, in point of finish and execution, shall far exceed anything of the kind ever offered to a New York audience, the Programme being UNIQUE, ORIGINAL, and UNAPPROACHABLE.

24-1604 AT THE COMPANY.

BEN COTTON, J. UNSWORTH,

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G. W. H. GRIFFIN, W. NORTON,

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J. J. HILLIARD, I. A. ZWISLER,

and R. M. ROOLEY.

For further particulars, see small bills. Doors open at 6 1/2; to some extent at 7 1/2. Tickets, 25 cents. 20

THE CELEBRATED ORIGINAL AND ONLY

WOOD'S MINSTRELS.

SYLVESTER BLECKNER, Proprietor and Manager

FROM WOOD'S FAMOUS MINSTRELST, 561 and 563 Broadway, N. Y.

Have started on their second GRAND TOUR on MONDAY, NOV. 10th, with an entirely NEW SELECTION OF SONGS, JOKES, DANCES, COMIC ACTS and PIECES, illustrative of

31-U SOUTHERN LIFE AND SCENERY.

GRAND GYMNASIUM TOURNAMENT!

\$1000 IN PRIZES,

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METROPOLITAN GYMNASIUM, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS,

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THOMAS J. CLARK,

Metropolitan Gymnasium,

Box 1685, Chicago, Illinois.

33-U

MRS. MATT. PEELE'S

CAMPBELL MINSTRELS,

Comprising

FOURTEEN STAR PERFORMERS,

Are now on the regular Annual Tour, delighting their innumerable patrons with the

BEAUTIFUL SINGING,

LUDICROUS BURLESQUES,

UNAPPROACHABLE DANCING,

OPERATIC BURLETTAS, &c., &c.,

Interpreted with a catalogue of over One Hundred different acts, entirely original with this Company, who now hold the palm of superiority over all other Travelling Companies, and the only Troupe in the world that has the undisputed right to the name of

CAMPBELL MINSTRELS.

NO CARDS EXPLANATORY.

NO RESORT TO BASE CALUMNY.

NO FOUL MOUTHED SLANDERS.

As practiced by an itinerant band of mountebanks, who were obliged by law to drop the name of Campbells.

"VENI, VIDI, VICI."

Particulars of the evenings amusements always observed in the distributing programmes of the day.

24-U J. T. HUNTLEY, Manager.

MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL & TROWBRIDGE'S

MINSTRELS,

Are now in their

FOURTH REGULAR SEASON,

At their Opera House,

ORINWAY HALL, BOSTON.

The Company consists of the following talented artists:

DON MORRIS, R. SANDS,

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E. W. PRESCOTT, FREDERICK HESS,

J. P. ENIGERS, MASTER GUSTINGS.

The public are assured that nothing will be left undone to merit a continuance of past favors.

19 LON MORRIS, Manager.

REYMOUR SREGALIA AND COSTUME DEPOT, No. 152 Canal street.

The best variety of Costumes in America made to order and to hire.

Country correspondents, to insure an answer, will please enclose a stamp. No business done on Sunday.

CARD.—In answer to frequent letters, Mr. Southern begs to state that his engagement list is out to May next.

33-U J. J. PONISI, Agent for Mr. S.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, CLEVELAND, O.—The management of this excellent Hall having recently passed into my hands, I have spared neither pains or expense in thoroughly refitting and refurbishing it, placing it in the front rank of the first class halls in the country. For Concerts or Theatrical Exhibitions, its advantages are unsurpassed in the West. Address THOS. J. QUINLAN, Managing Agent, Box 5201, Cleveland, Ohio. 29-6*

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PALACE HALL CONCERT SALOON.

THE GREATEST, CHEAPEST AND BEST CONDUCTED

PLACE OF AMUSEMENT IN THE CITY.

NEW ATTRACTIONS EVERY WEEK.

The best Talent in the country secured for the Palace Hall.

FIRST WEEK OF

MR. AND MRS. BRIET.

They will perform on their newly invented instruments, called

RHODOLINE and PIANO POST HORN.

First Week of the celebrated Comedian and Bone Player,

W. W. HERCE.

Second Week of Mr. N. PERRY, and the following Ladies and

Gentlemen:

Miss CECELIA MORLEY, Mr. W. PIERCE,

Mad. E. PARAVELLI, Mr. N. PERRY,

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Mad. CONSTANTIN, Mr. L. LIFOLD,

Mad. DEWLOW, Mr. R. PARKER,

Miss ADELAIDE, Master GEORGE,

Miss MASON, S. G. CONSTANTIN,

Mad. BRIET, Mr. MORRIS.

First Week of the Grand Opera (Burlesque)

THE JEWES.

With new Costumes, new Sceneries, Grand Procession, and in-

creased Chorus.

Admittance.....Six Cents

35-1* O'CONNOR, SIOH & CO.

A CIRCUS ON ITS TRAVELS.

The Circus Company long and favorably known as

LENTO, NICHOLS & CO'S.

Will perform at BOWERY ARTS, and the principal points along the

Atlantic Coast, and at Rio Janeiro, immediately on its arrival at

those places; expecting to be at the latter about March. The fol-

lowing are among the engagements:

MR. LENTON, MASTER BLISS,

W. W. NICHOLS, MASTER JOHN LENTON,

MR. FRED. RENTZ, CHARLES BLISS.

35-51*

WILSON & MORRIS' MINSTRELS.

FRED. WILSON, CHAS. A. MORRIS,

W. H. BROCKWAY, Managers and

Proprietors.

FIFTEEN STAR PERFORMERS.

OF THE PROFESSION.

GEO. W. SHEPARD, C. REYNOLDS,

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S. C. EMERY, A. JONES,

C. A. BOYD, LITTLE BARNEY,

W. FIELD, W. H. BROCKWAY,

W. BRIDGES, J. D. BRINTON,

FRED. WILSON, W. BLAIR,

AND CHAS. A. MORRIS.

The above gentlemen have been selected from the best companies

in the world for their individual talent, which combined, make

them equal to any Troupe ever organized. They will make a short

tour previous to

OPENING IN BOSTON.

FRED. WILSON, Business Manager. 34-4*

THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY

PEAK FAMILY

VOCALISTS, HARPISTS, AND

SWISS BELL RINGERS

THE

GRAND CONSOLIDATION OF THE SEPARATE COMPANIES.

Having re-organized and enlarged for their Annual Tour of 1861.

The following talent is now connected with this Troupe:

W. PEAK, Sr. LESETTE M. PEAK,

MRS. W. PEAK, ANNIE PEAK,

WM. H. PEAK, MASTER EDDIE PEAK,

MRS. WM. H. PEAK, MASTER FRANK PEAK,

LEWIS M. PEAK.

They will start on their SIXTEENTH ANNUAL TOUR December

16th, visiting Ohio, New York, Connecticut, New Hampshire, Ver-

mont, and Maine, and will appear in their new Swiss Costume, in-

troducing their

ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY SILVER BELLS.

Imported expressly for this Company, and the only set of SILVER

BELLS ever manufactured.

CARD TO THE PUBLIC.

The Proprietors wish it distinctly understood that they are the

Only Original Troupe of Bell Ringers now travelling under the name

of the Peak Family, having been established since 1839, and during

that time have visited all the principal cities and towns in the United

States, have been travelling as two companies for the past two

years, and now Consolidate, making one of the largest Concert Com-

panies in the world. We wish to caution the public that no other

Troupe have the right to announce themselves as the Peak Family.

C. C. CHASE, Manager and Business Agent. 34

AMERICAN CONCERT HALL.

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VENTRILOQUISM MADE EASY.

Just published, a book of 26 pages,

explaining how every body may become a Ventriloquist. Sent free

of postage, on receipt of 25 cents in cash or stamps, to

29-10* WYMAN, The Ventriloquist, Philadelphia, Pa.

MR. AND MRS. ROBERT BUTLER, Low Comedian and Singing

Chambermaid, are at present in Baltimore, and in want of a situa-

tion. Managers in want of a couple of artists to fill the above situa-

tions, will address the above at 217 North Front street, Balti-

more. 35-1*

JOHN C. RIVERS is in Boston, unengaged, and wishes a situation

as clog dancer and general Negro performer. Address 49 South-

street, Boston. 35-1*

CITY SUMMARY.

MONDAY, December 10, 1850.

The holiday season we are approaching is suggestive of an inquiry,

in the response to which we are deeply interested. Without further

preliminary, then, we should like to know whether we are to have

a pantomime—we mean one that comes up to the legitimate re-

quirements, and is worthy of classification with the many which

have already elicited our admiration and laughter. That a pant-

omime has influences beyond those generally ascribed to it, is a fact

breath seems to be held in suspense, until it might be thought that

35-10
BRINN & CO., Box 1139 Philadelphia, Pa.

THEATRICAL SQUIBS.

BY T. ALLSTON BROWN, OF PHILADELPHIA.

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"If the theatre were to be shut up, the stage wholly silenced and pressed, I believe the world, bad as it is now, would be ten times wickered."

SHYLOCK IN VERSE.

AN OLD BALLAD.

Upon which, it is the opinion of the ingenious author of observations on Spencer's Fairy Queen, that Shakespeare raised his whole superstructure for his excellent play of The Merchant of Venice; as the ballad has the air of a narrative written before Shakespeare's play; because if it had been written after it, it would have been more full and circumstantial; whereas, at present, it has too much the nakedness of an original.

A SONG.

Shewing the cruelty of Gernutus, a Jew, who lending to a Merchant as Hundred Crowns, would have a Pound of Flesh, because he could not pay him at the time appointed.

In Venice town not long ago,
A cruel Jew did dwell,
Which lived all on usury,
As Italian writers tell.

Gernutus called was the Jew,
Which never thought to die,
Nor never yet did any good,
To them in streets that lie.

His life was like a barrow hogge,
That lyeth many a day,
Yet never once doth any good,
Until men will him slay.

Or like a filthy heape of dung
That lyeth in a hoord;
Which never can do any good,
Till it be spread abroad.

So fares it with the usurer,
He cannot sleepe to rest,
For fear the theefe doth him pursue
To pluck him from his nest.

His heart doth thicke on many a wile
How to deceive the poore;
His mouth is almost full of mucke,
Yet still he gapes for more.

His wife must leade a shillinge,
For every weeke a penny,
Yet bring a pledge that's double worthe,
If that yow will have any.

And see (likewise) yow keeps your daie,
Or else yow lose it all;
This was the living of his wife,
Her cowe she doth it call.

Within that citie dwelt that tyme
A Merchant of great fame,
Whiche being distressed, in his need,
Unto Gernutus came.

Desiring him to stande his friend,
For twelve months and a daie,
To lend to him an hundred crownes,
And he for it would paie.

Whosoever he would demaunde of him,
And pledges he should have;
No (qd. the Jew with frowning looks)
Sirs, aske what yow shall have.

No penny for the loane of it
For one yow shall paie;
Yow may doe mee as good a turne,
Before my dying daie.

But we will have a merry jest
For to bee talked long;
Yow shall make me a bond (quoth hee)
That shall bee large and strong.

And this shall bee the forfeiture—
Of yow owne flesh a pound;
If yow agree, make yow the bond,
And here's a hundred crownes.

The second part of the Jew's cruelties; setting forth the mercifulness of the Judge towards the Merchant.

With right good will, the Merchant said,
And so the bond was made,
When twelve months and a daie drew on,
That back it should be paide.

The Merchant's ships were all at sea,
And money came not in;
Which way to take or what to doe,
To thinke he dothe begin.

And to Gernutus straight he comes
With cap and bended knee,
And sayd to him of courtesie
I pray yow bear with mee.

My daie is come, and I have not
The monie for to paie,
And little good the forfeiture
Will do yow I dare saie.

With all my heart, Gernutus said,
Commende it to yowre merde;
In things of bigger weight than this
Yow shall mee ready finde.

He goes his way; the day once past,
Gernutus does not sleepe;
To get a sergeant present him,
And clapt him on his backe;

And layd him into prison strong,
And sued his bond withal;
And when the iudgement daie was come,
For judgement he doth call.

The Merchant's friends came thither fast,
With many a weeping eye,
For other means they could not find
But he that day must dye.

Some offered for his 100 crownes
Five hundred for to paie,
And some a thousand, two, or three,
Yet still he out denyd.

And at the last 10,000 crownes,
They offered him to saue,
Gernutus said, I will no gold,
My forfeit I will have.

A pound of flesh is my demaunde,
And that shall bee my right;
Then said the iudge, yet my good friend
Let me of yowre desire.

To take the flesh from such a place
As yet yow let him live;
Doe so, and an hundred crownes
To thee here will I give.

No, no, quoth he, no judgement here,
For this I shall bee trye;
For I will have my pound of flesh
From under his right side.

It grieved all the companie
His crueltie to see,
For neither friend or foe could help
But hee must dye.

The bloudie Jew now ready is
With wetted blade in hand,
To speyre the bloud of innocent,
By forfeit of his bond.

And as he was about to strike
In him the deadly blow,
Stay quoth the iudge, thy cruelties,
I charge thee to doe so.

Sith needs thou wilt thy forfeit have,
Which is of flesh a pound,
See that yow shoulde no drop of bloud,
Nor yet the man confound.

For if thou doe, like murderere,
Then here shall hangd bee;
Likewise of flesh see that thou cut
No more than longes to thee.

For if thou take either more or lesse,
To the value of a mite,
Then shall be hangd presentlie
As both law and right.

Gernutus now waxed franticke mad,
And wote not what to say;
Quoth he at last, 10,000 crownes
I will that he shall pay.

And so I grant to set him free.
The Judge doth answer mee,
Yow shall not have a penny given,
Your forfeiture now take.

At last he doth demaunde
But for to have his own;
No, quoth the Judge, as yowre list,
The judgement shall be shewne.

Either take yowre pound of flesh (qd. hee)
Or cutt mee yowre bood.

O cruel Judge, then quoth the Jew,
That doth against mee stand.

And so with griped grievd minde
He biddeth thee stand.

All the people prayd the Lord
That ever this heard tell.

Good people that do hear this song,
For truth I dare well say;

That may be a wretches ill as hee
Doth lyve now at this daie;

That seeketh nothing but the spoyle
Of many a wealthy man;

And for to trap the innocent
Devise what they can.

From whom the Lord deliver mee,
And everie Christian too;

And send to them I like sentence eke,
That meeneeth so to doe.

ANECDOTE OF NED FORREST.

One night our great American tragedian was performing Rollo (his crack character), and the play had progressed to where the Peruvian hero addressed his countrymen, to drive the invaders from the land. The "auxiliaries" who "done" the Peruvians, were comical looking jokers—green upon the stage, (the regulars had come upon a drunk), and stood like so many scare-crows in a corn-field. Their eyes were fixed continually on the audience, and they gave more attention to their friends in the gallery, who were bawling out their names, than to the play, or the stage business.

To tell the truth, they bore a more striking resemblance to honest Jack Falstaff's disipated company, than to patriotic Peruvians; and their ludicrous appearance elicited shouts of laughter from the boxes. Our tragedian advanced from the "prompt side" (where friend A— was presiding) towards the Peruvians, and, as he sharply scrutinized their not very warlike front, he turned to A—, and said—in a rather loud whisper—"What damned looking supernumeraries!" A— muttered some excuse or other. Ned then turned towards the army, and with "scowls not loud, but deep," addressed it in this fashion: "My brave associates—look me in the face, you thick-skinned—'Partners of my toil'—turn out your toes, and stand erect—'my feelings'—keep your fingers from your head—and my fam'—damnation! can't any one of you look straight?—'Can Rollo's word inspire you with vigor?'—Stop yawning, you hell-bound!" It is impossible to state the numerous side speeches uttered, but, if written out, they would, no doubt, occupy a small sized volume. Ye gods of war, how them poor supers had to suffer when they got "in behind!" All their great notions of attaining a high rank in the histrionic art were completely knocked out of their heads, and not one of them was seen around the theatre during the tragedian's engagement. I doubt if they afterwards undertook to show "how fields were won" and lost, at any other theatrical establishment for a long time.

GIVE IT UP?

Conundrum on Miss Clara Fisher's nuptials with Mr. James G. Meader.

What made Clara marry Meader? Answer: Jammy made her.

A DROP SCENE.

A young lady, in dancing at a masquerade at the Carlisle House, happened to trip, and fell flat on her back. Foote, who was in a domino, and near her, stooping to pick her up, said, "Never mind it, my pretty dear, practice makes perfect."

NO SHOES.

The late Edmund Keane, who was proverbial for his generosity, was also fond of his joke—standing one cold day at a fruit stall, corner of Oxford street and Tottenham Court Road, he was accosted by a little ragged urchin, with "Please, sir, bestow your charity on a poor little boy; I am almost starving, and haven't a shoe to my foot." "No shoes?" says the actor, "poor little fellow, that must be remedied. There's a pair for you," giving him one from the stall.

FINN'S LAST.

Woodhull said to Finn, one evening, in the Highland Reel, "Why, Shelly, you're an old fish!" Finn—"Fish! Oh no, only the fin of one."

WINDY.

Mr. Tom Cooke, the composer, had two sons, one a midshipman, the other a horn player. The former was the favorite of the family, his superiority, as being in his majesty's service. "Hold your tongue," said Cooke, "I've brought you both up to wind instruments—he to a horn and you to a ship."

A BAD CHARACTER.

Count Tracey complaining to Foote that a man had ruined his character, "So much the better," replied the wit, "for it was a d—d bad one, and the sooner it was destroyed the more to your advantage."

The same being at Lord Kelley's table, when a gentleman present complained that the beer was rather cold—"Get his lordship to dip his nose in the tankard," said Foote, "and if he keeps it there half a minute, and the beer does not boil, it must be fire proof."

HE WOULD BE AN ACTOR.

A young Swiss presented himself to the manager of a theatre in one of our principal cities, saying he wished to become an actor. The manager, being a humorist, engaged him to play Richard III., which he did with unbounded applause, the audience being charmed with the novelty of the representation. On making his appearance with the tyrant, *pro ten*, commenced in the following strain:—
Rich—Now is the winter of our discontent
Make glorious summer by this sun of York,
And all de coute which but upon our houses
In de trop poem of de obsequy piled.
Now are our pious pound wild wretches wreaths,
Our pious arms, (double out his wrists) hung up in monument—
Vat is de word, prompter?
Prompt—Go on, devil take you.
Rich—Go on, devil take you! It's a lie—that is not it—you put me out, you dirty little whistling rascal. I can play better wild myself.

A GOOD 'UN.

The Chapman Family, consisting of old Chapman, William, George, Caroline, Harry and Theresia Chapman, some years since established and carried into operation on the Western waters a "family theatre," concerning which many anecdotes are told. The family were all extremely fond of fishing, and during the "waits," the actors amused themselves by "dropping a line" over the stern of the ark. On one occasion, while playing the "Stranger," act iv., scene 1st, there was a long stage wait for Francis.
"Francis! Francis!" called the Stranger.
No reply.
"Francis! Francis!" [A pause].
"Francis!" again called the Stranger again.
A very distant voice: "Coming, sir!"
"Francis!"
Francis entering: "Here I am, sir."
Stranger: "Why did you not come when I called?"
Francis: "Why, the fact is, sir, I was just hauling in one of the d—dest big fish I ever saw."

It was some time before the laughter of the audience could be restrained.
On another occasion, while lying at Natchez, the performance being the play of "Pizarro," Rollo, in the last act, after seizing the child, and as he was rushing up towards the bridge, observed a tall negro holding a tea-pot full of blood (rose pink), which was wanted almost immediately on the other side of the stage. As he passed he said to the negro—
"Here boy, carry that blood round to me on the other side: I want it the moment I cross the bridge."

Away dashed Rollo, bearing the child aloft, amidst a volley of Spanish musketry, and turning to cut away the bridge with his sword, what was his horror to see the tall negro walk deliberately upon the stage between the "waters," and in full sight of the audience, holding the cup in one hand and stirring up the contents with the forefinger of the other, and hear him exclaim:—
"Heh, Massa Smith, heah's your blood."

The effect upon the audience can be better imagined than described, and the drop was immediately lowered to shut in the ludicrous scene.

JENNY.

Why did Jenny Lind marry a Pianist? Because she wanted a man to accompany her.

EPIGRAM ON THE MARRIAGE OF MATILDA HERON.

Your "latest act," Matilda dear,
Has quite surprised the people;
The church you gain,
'Tis very plain,
By climbing to the steeple (Steeple).

ADDRESS TO A COMEDIAN.

As how do ye do, Mither Drew?
"Pretty well, an' I thank ye," ye'd say—
I went to the theatre as hour or two,
Be me sowl, I'd ha made it a day.

"A sate," says I, "on the sky parlor!"
"For a quarter," says one—"that's not high,"
But in getting up there what a whirler!
Faith, honey, 'twas quite to the sky.

There were na'ggers an' blackguards, a plenty—
Be their bairney I found I was known—
"To the devil, an' tell I sent ye,"
Says I—so they let me alone.

Then I stowed myself down 'mong the people,
Saint Patrick I there wasn't a sight!
The room was as tall as a steeple,
An' filled with a dizzing great light.

Och, murther, what crowds of 'swate creatures!
The brasties sat round in big rows:
An' they smiled like a dish of paraters,
But were swateer than they—I suppose.

Then out comes yourself like Sir Pienpo,
The bright eyes were all turned to thee:
Te snither such charming sight when I go,
It's yourself an' the darlings I'd see.

So ye got up a big batheration,
An' set all the folks be the ears:
But there was a mighty temptation
To hatch up a row with your peers.

How nately ye smoothed the thing over!
Och, let ye alone to do that!
If e'er me own blunders I'd cover,
I'd do the blig'g'at like Sir Pat.

Ye're used to your clappers an' cheerers—
For once may ye find a reverse:
Though light be the hearts of your hearers,
May ye ne'er say the same of your purse.

Long life to ye now, Mither Drew;
May ye live all your days out in pace:
An far be the day an' the hour
When good humor shall have your swate face.

The tombstone and cenotaph are often the bearers of epitaphs, in which the figures to illustrate the shortness and vanity of human life are drawn from the theatre. Among those which are not common, is the following on Thomas Jackson, a favorite provincial actor, who lies buried in the church-yard of Gillingham, Norfolk. It will be observed that all the words in Italian, are green room technicals:—
"Sacred to the memory of Thomas Jackson, Comedian, who was engaged Dec. 21, 1741, to play a comic cast of characters in this great theatre, the World, for many of which he was prompted by nature to excel. The Season being ended, his benefit over, the charge all paid, and his account closed, he made his exit in the tragedy of "Death," on the 17th of March, 1793, in full assurance of being called once more to rehearsal, when he hopes to find his forfeits all cleared, his cast of parts bettered, and his situation made agreeable by him who paid the great stock debt for the love he bore to performance in general."

FINN'S PACK OF CARDS.

"Keep a commanding Card to bring in your strong suit when the trumps are out."—HOLY.

As Benefit Cards are becoming the fashion,
And they now run in couples, like bounds on the track,
In pursuit of a similar game I shall dash on,
Hoping all jolly dogs will encourage my Pack.

That life is a game, needs not strong illustration;
Many play for a robe, and they win but a rag—
Rogues run themselves by their bad speculation,
And honest men have the best reasons to brag.

Old industry's spade has turned up for your yeomen,
In defence of our land, its most flourishing shrubs;
Our mechanics will yield in their courage to no man,
And have proved to the foe they've a strong hand with clubs.

Little Cupid's a knave, who plays tricks with his darts,
And the eyes of the ladies, who've no wish to shun love,
Are the diamonds that win to the altar of hearts,
And the odds are, that Bachelors flish with, "one love."

Tho' I often make game by a card with a face,
Yet judiciously cutting a joke is of use,
As you deal with a punster, if you bate an ace,
Of your favor with me, you'll be playing the deuce.

You shall have—and my promise I will not revoke—
On that right, as good playing, as talent affords,
For my partners will not need much forcing to joke—
But at all events here you've a play upon words.

My suit is to win from my friend's all the honors
A Player expects from their hands when addressing
Those regular trumps, who have been my best donors,
And who'll pardon this little attempt at Fin-essing.

HAD HIM THERE.

A country manager, who was kept by a lady of fashion, had a quarrel with an actor, who was not equal to what he had engaged for "six," said the manager, "you are a d—d bad actor, and no better than a pensioner." "Sir," replied the actor, "two in the same line of business seldom agree."

SPEAKING ITALIAN.

An eccentric country manager being in company with several Italians, asked one of them if he was not very easy to speak Italian. "Nothing more so," replied the Italian, "you have only to add an e, o, or an a, to almost every other word you speak." The manager thanked him, and went home fully convinced he should soon be able to speak very good Italian. He gave a thundering rat-tat at the door, his wife looked out of the window and the word, "Who's there?"—he replied, "Jenny, open the door—o!" His wife thinking he was drunk, said, "What is it you, you fool—o?" He bawled out, "D—n! where did you learn to speak Ital i-a-ne-o?"

DIDN'T KNOW HIM.

The following capital anecdote of Edwin Forrest, we find going the rounds of the press:—
"During Forrest's present engagement, at Niblo's, a fine specimen of a Southern planter, standing six feet and three inches in his boots, and about 65 years of age, with half white as a snowball, approached a gentleman in the lobby of the theatre, and inquired whether 'King Lear' was not the play of the evening? On being informed in the affirmative, he continued, 'I have seen Forrest act Hamlet five times, sir, and by Jove, it is the greatest acting I have ever seen; and, sir, I have pushed my way through this immense crowd, sir, at the cost of my pocket book containing over two thousand dollars, for the purpose of seeing him act Lear. I care nothing about my pocket book, or its contents, sir, if I can see him, sir. But, sir, I have seen nobody but that infernal old grey-headed cur, cutting ever close, and driving the camels. I sat myself up as an apprentice to the show business with J. H. Moxey and Lewis Mestayer, who kept a sort of show room in Market street, above Fourth, in Philadelphia, consisting of gymnastic performances, wire-walking, jugglery, &c. Subsequently he became connected with the travelling circus and menagerie of John Miller (the pioneer of the business) of Allentown. While with Miller, he attended to the door, acted clown, and drove the camels. Subsequently he engaged with Weyman's travelling company. This was in 1832, and after this he re-engaged with Miller's company, then under the management of Rufus Welsh. In 1835, Mr. Miller sold out his menagerie to Mr. Crosby, of New York, for \$4000, and Lindsay engaged under the new proprietor. The performances in these days consisted of ground and lofty tumbling, slack-rope vaulting and tight rope dancing, still-vaulting, on the spring board over men and horses, and, in fact, nearly all kinds of acting that you see now in the circus, except riding in the ring. They had a spotted horse who was well trained, and performed many tricks of sagacity. Of the company, John Miller was a great wire performer, and Dan Mutch, the best activity performer in the United States at that time, so they had a team in full. They reformed through the spring and summer over parts of Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, New Jersey, and Delaware, in a great many cities, boroughs, villages, and at country inns. In the winter of 1836, Lindsay performed at the Pennsylvania Museum, at Eighth and Market streets, in Philadelphia. About this time he became acquainted, at the Black Bear Hotel, in Third street, with a young lady from Long county, named Lydia Pauley, which he by resulted in marriage in 1838. After this he engaged with the travelling companies of Messrs. Fells & Pomeroy, Aaron Turner, H. Hawley, and Mills & Harrison. In 1833 Lindsay and Mr. Nathan Miller, of this place, bought up a lot of horses and broke them for the ring, got a new canvass, and engaged a company of equestrian performers. Here in Allentown they gave their first exhibitions. They then started on a tour through the country, and arriving at Norristown, Mr. Lindsay sold out his interest in the concern to a Mr. Buckley, an English clown. The same season Mr. Miller also sold out, and returning to Allentown, commenced the study of law. He still resides among us, is hale and hearty, and in the full enjoyment of the comforts of life. His father, Mr. John Lindsay, accumulated by his exhibitions about \$60,000. In 1846 Lindsay set up in the business for himself, on a small scale, and shortly after brought before the public, as a pup, S. S. Sanford, a son of his sister, now one of the most popular negro delineators in the United States, and the proprietor of Sanford's Opera House in Philadelphia. Among his other pupils in the show business are Stout, Nagle, and Shindel, the quakers. He continued in the business until a few years ago, when he went to tavern keeping in Northumberland county, and about a year ago he moved to Berks county, the place where he brought his eventful career to a close, as above stated."

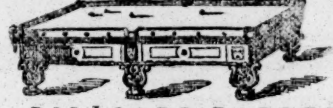
HUGH LINDSAY.

Old Hontz, the Clown.—The following brief sketch of the career of one of the best and most successful clowns and showmen: is given by the Allentown (Pa.) Democrat.—Lindsay, through his connection with the show business acquired a wide spread popularity and acquaintance, and in his day, by his inborn natural talent and wit, probably contributed as much to the hilarity, mirth, and amusement of mankind as any man living. He was born in Philadelphia, in April, 1804. As the age of fifteen years he engaged himself as an apprentice to the show business with J. H. Moxey and Lewis Mestayer, who kept a sort of show room in Market street, above Fourth, in Philadelphia, consisting of gymnastic performances, wire-walking, jugglery, &c. Subsequently he became connected with the travelling circus and menagerie of John Miller (the pioneer of the business) of Allentown. While with Miller, he attended to the door, acted clown, and drove the camels. Subsequently he engaged with Weyman's travelling company. This was in 1832, and after this he re-engaged with Miller's company, then under the management of Rufus Welsh. In 1835, Mr. Miller sold out his menagerie to Mr. Crosby, of New York, for \$4000, and Lindsay engaged under the new proprietor. The performances in these days consisted of ground and lofty tumbling, slack-rope vaulting and tight rope dancing, still-vaulting, on the spring board over men and horses, and, in fact, nearly all kinds of acting that you see now in the circus, except riding in the ring. They had a spotted horse who was well trained, and performed many tricks of sagacity. Of the company, John Miller was a great wire performer, and Dan Mutch, the best activity performer in the United States at that time, so they had a team in full. They reformed through the spring and summer over parts of Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, New Jersey, and Delaware, in a great many cities, boroughs, villages, and at country inns. In the winter of 1836, Lindsay performed at the Pennsylvania Museum, at Eighth and Market streets, in Philadelphia. About this time he became acquainted, at the Black Bear Hotel, in Third street, with a young lady from Long county, named Lydia Pauley, which he by resulted in marriage in 1838. After this he engaged with the travelling companies of Messrs. Fells & Pomeroy, Aaron Turner, H. Hawley, and Mills & Harrison. In 1833 Lindsay and Mr. Nathan Miller, of this place, bought up a lot of horses and broke them for the ring, got a new canvass, and engaged a company of equestrian performers. Here in Allentown they gave their first exhibitions. They then started on a tour through the country, and arriving at Norristown, Mr. Lindsay sold out his interest in the concern to a Mr. Buckley, an English clown. The same season Mr. Miller also sold out, and returning to Allentown, commenced the study of law. He still resides among us, is hale and hearty, and in the full enjoyment of the comforts of life. His father, Mr. John Lindsay, accumulated by his exhibitions about \$60,000. In 1846 Lindsay set up in the business for himself, on a small scale, and shortly after brought before the public, as a pup, S. S. Sanford, a son of his sister, now one of the most popular negro delineators in the United States, and the proprietor of Sanford's Opera House in Philadelphia. Among his other pupils in the show business are Stout, Nagle, and Shindel, the quakers. He continued in the business until a few years ago, when he went to tavern keeping in Northumberland county, and about a year ago he moved to Berks county, the place where he brought his eventful career to a close, as above stated."

About a "Dore".—An amusing scene took place on the steamer Baltimore as she was leaving for Cleveland. A rough looking genius came aboard with a powerful but dog at his heels. Walking directly to the individual said to be the clerk:—
"Stranger, I want to have my dog in this here office till the boat starts: I'm afraid somebody will steal him."
"You can't do it," said the clerk, "take him out."
"Well, stranger, that's crue!" but you're both dispositioned alike, and he's kinder company for you."
"Take him out," roared the clerk.
"Well, stranger, I don't think you're honest, and you want watching. Be it as it may, here and watch that fellow sharp," and the individual turned on his heels, saying—"Put him out, stranger, if he's troublesome."
The dog lay there when the boat started, the clerk giving him the better part of his dice.

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